

Through the floating mist which spread like a dreary sea around the massive round tower of the manor house of the lord of Jauma, the britzka of the proprietor, drawn by three work-horses, had sailed, as it were, into the court-yard. The old Cossack, Petreuko, stood by the step, with drowsy eyes and hair half filled with straw, helping out first the gracious Herr Adam Kanwizki, and then the young priest whom his lord had brought from Lemberg to be the tutor of his children.

"Hey, Lucas," drawled out the old servant, "rub your eyes open! Here's the young father's trunk!"

Meanwhile the lady of the house had come out, a little, slender, Polish woman, sallow but piquant, her brown hair in *pillotes*, her hands in the pockets of her prettily fitting outside sacque, and a big cigar in her small red mouth. She received the tutor with expressive Polish courtesies, apologizing for the poor hospitalities her house could furnish.

"Nothing new?" asked the lord.

Frau Celina shrugged her shoulders.

"There was a great red fire to be seen in the night," said the old Cossack.

"Is this all the work done?" asked the proprietor.

"All but drawing in the wood," replied the Cossack. "We have had no horses."

"The peasant might drive out there now," remarked Frau Celina.

This peasant, Kvitka, born on the estate, and rendering scavage service, was about thirty years old, and with his black hair hanging down over his forehead, his long mustache and unshaven beard, presented rather a forbidding appearance.

"Do you hear, Kvitka?" said the Cossack. "You are to drive to the wood."

"Not I."

"Are you crazy?" screamed the Cossack.

"What does he say?" inquired the proprietor.

"That he won't drive."

"I have driven the master to Lemberg and back again," said Kvitka, humbly; "I've done my tenure service for the week."

"But if I order you?" cried the mistress, in a rage.

"It's against the Emperor's patent."

"He is right," interposed Herr Kanwizki; "let him go away." With this he went up the steps, followed by the priest.

The peasant was going off quietly, when Frau Celina cried, "Hold him there!"

The Cossack seized him by the sleeve and held him back, while Kvitka said, calmly, "What would you have? I have done my service."

"You are going to resist, are you?" shrieked the Cossack. "You are an outlaw, too."

"You will go for the wood?" said the mistress, pale with anger, as she threw away the cigar.

"No."

"Give me the short whip." She held the peasant firmly with one of her delicate, trembling hands, and with the other gave him several smart strokes of the whip.

"Well, what have you got now?" asked the Cossack, while the mistress, drawing a long breath, went slowly toward the house.

"My horses in good plight," said the peasant, smiling, and patting his small, lean horses on the neck.

"Take away the horses," cried Frau Celina, turning round, "and whip him out of the yard."

The peasant swung himself on the led-horse and rode off with the team.

"After him," commanded Frau Kanwizki, "and bring the horses back." Perceiving the priest, who remained standing on the steps, she said, smiling, "A pretty reception this for a guest. Come in!" And taking his arm, she led him into the dining room.

There sat Herr Adam Kanwizki at breakfast, in his comfortable dressing-gown, and smoking his long chibouk.

They sat down to breakfast, and Frau Celina played the hostess in the most amiable style. The priest, her guest, was scarcely twenty years old, slender, good-looking, with fine light hair, and somewhat boyish red-checked face, sharp gray eyes, and a thin yellow down on his prominent upper lip. He was elegantly dressed, and had an aristocratic air. He chatted away about Lemberg, literature, the last popular play, and described each actress with her toilet from chignon to slipper. The lordly proprietor began to look upon him with respect.

Just then the door opened, and the Cossack brought in Kvitka.

"Well, what's the matter with you?" inquired the master.

"Matter enough; they've taken away my horses."

Herr Adam looked toward his wife, but he said nothing.

"Will you go for the wood?" asked Frau Celina.

"How can I? My horses are out of wind, and they'll drop under me."

"You won't go, then? What if your horses are taken away?"

"I shall complain to the court."

"Good! You shall be whipped. Petreuko, give him a block at the back—"

"But, gracious lady," whimpered Kvitka, "that can't be so!"

"Do you mean to make a complaint to the court?"

"No."

"Will you go with the horses?"

"I can't."

"Hey! Then the devil take you," cried the proprietor. "Take his horses, for all I care, and drive him off!"

Kvitka had no sooner gone than a fresh disturbance arose in the yard.

"May I be permitted to see what is the matter?" inquired the priest, who was named Father Antoni Motolaki.

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME IV.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1875.

NUMBER 13.

Frau Celina opened a window herself, and looked out into the yard. A servant was holding a gray-haired peasant by the collar. His teeth were clenched and his face worn and pale as he struggled to free himself.

"What's the matter here?" cried the mistress to those below.

"A thief!" exclaimed the servant, who held the man fast.

"Who is he?"

"Hrekora, from Labje. He's stolen ten sheaves of wheat."

"Lie in your teeth, you Turk!" screamed the man.

"What have you to say for yourself?" asked Frau Celina.

"Yesterday I was doing my service at harvesting," said the old man. "They loaded my wagon down till the beam broke, and when I was gone after some rope they stole the sheaves."

"You stole them yourself, you robber!" cried the master.

"God punish me if I've stolen. The master dare not take away my oxen."

"Not dare!" laughed the nobleman.

"I have known you for a long time: you are nothing but a rebel. Appeal to the court, if you want to; I've left a good character for you there. You will find it out one of these days." Saying this he made a threatening motion with his long pipe.

"You can do it if you please," said the peasant, becoming perfectly quiet. "I tell you Magass will look after you. You have half killed Iwan Bossak with your whips, and he has gone to complain to Magass."

"The gallowes are all set up ready for him," cried the proprietor, purple in the face.

"Hunt him out of the yard with the dogs," ordered the mistress.

The old man ran off at full speed, and the dogs after him.

"A perverse set you have here," observed Father Antoni, gallantly closing the window.

"You must not be misled by what you have witnessed," said Frau Kanwizki, eagerly; the law justifies us in what we have done."

"It's all owing to the mountains," said the nobleman.

"Do you think they have any direct influence?" asked the priest.

Herr Kanwizki opened his eyes in astonishment. "Just as you please to take it," he replied. "Yes and no. What I meant was this—that the people in the mountains are a different set from those on the plain. The Huzul is proud of his name, and the fellows are insolent because they have never been serfs or rendered service."

"Incredible!" cried the priest, slapping the table with the palm of his hand.

"Fact!" continued Herr Adam, as he complacently smoked his long pipe. "A Huzul would rather starve to death in his mountains than work for us for money. They are wretchedly poor, but they dress better than our peasants. They till their miserable bits of ground, pasture their sheep, traffic among themselves for what they need, and will stand one against ten. Beautiful people! and the women! Herr Adam shut his eyes and blew the smoke through his nostrils.

"Tell me about them."

"The people here are like the native savages in the American prairies, such as you find in the romances," remarked Frau Celina.

"And they are scoundrels, too," added the husband, very seriously.

"Don't talk so, I beseech you," cried his wife.

"Well, I could relate many incidents," said Herr Adam, hiding himself in a cloud of smoke.

The Cossack entered and began to clear the table, while Frau Celina, looking over her shoulder at her husband with a contemptuous glance, said to Father Antoni:

"There are some among them who have a secret knowledge of natural powers, which has been transmitted from parent to child."

Herr Antoni gave eager attention, and at last said, "Then these mountaineers, these Huzuls, are a free and brave people, something like the Scots in Walter Scott, or the Indians."

"Yes; they are not to be trifled with," replied Herr Adam. "If you send our peasants to the whipping-post, they kiss your hand. But a Huzul—ha! joke with him, and he'll spit open your skull on the spot with his long-handled hatchet. And every one has his gun, and a handful of powder gives him more delight than a bagful of ducats. A barbarous people, but fondly attached to their mountains. A savage race! Why a youth often grows up to be a man without ever having seen the inside of a church."

"Ho! ho!" exclaimed the Cossack.

"And robbers, too!"

"It spoils our peasants," continued the proprietor, "to have such an example every day before their eyes."

"And many robbers, too!" cried the old Cossack.

"Silence!" said the mistress.

"Robbers!" began Herr Antoni in an excited tone. "This is extremely interesting. I have never seen any except on the stage. Are there really many robbers here?"

"Ho! ho! millions!" asserted the Cossack.

"What nonsense to disquiet a guest in this way!" cried the lady.

"This is a real cordial to me, I assure you," gallantly observed the priest. "I am so happy to be here with you and Herr Adam, and these robbers. Go on, and tell me about the robbers." He seemed to take special delight in the word. "Where do they come from?"

"Where comes the grass?" asked Herr Adam, sagely. "Whence comes the water? Whence the metals? They grow, do they not? So the robbers have always grown in the mountains. As the Polish peasants waged war in the mountains against the noblemen, so the Hajdaks here in the Carpathians. And the stories of war and hatred to the Latin Church and to the nobility live in their songs and traditions. And the contest will last till the peasant is free."

"Then these robbers are a sort of rebels or outlaws? And why does not the government put them down?"

"A robber or outlaw has never touched any official of the emperor, but they take off our very skins."

"Strange! Who would have thought it?" cried Antoni, repeatedly. "Who is this Magass the old man spoke of? I should think such a common vagabond—"

"What should you think?" asked Herr Adam, energetically, as he threw himself back in his chair, and opened wide his eyes. "Magass is a paladin of romance, plundering the rich and protecting the poor. He's here and nowhere and everywhere, but always a hero."

"And he can't be wounded," said the Cossack, "no ball can hit him. He has a band of several thousands—"

"What are you saying there?" asked the mistress abruptly.

"Well, if there are a few hundreds less than that, what does it matter, since he lords it over the whole region, holds his tribunal over the nobility, and sends his letters into all court-yards?"

"Can a robber write?" asked the priest in astonishment.

"Yes," Herr Adam asserted; "and he has with him a sort of a priest, expelled from the Greek Church, who does his writing for him."

"This amuses me mightily," said Herr Antoni.

The dogs now set up a barking, voices were heard in the yard, and a heavy tread on the steps.

"Who may this be now?" sighed Herr Kanwizki.

"It's Michal," said the Cossack, looking out.

"What does he want?"

Michal, a thickset, red-faced tenant, with silver rings in his ears, now entered the room in a state of great perturbation as he moved his head, which he had grasped with both hands.

"A great misfortune, gracious Herr!" he exclaimed. "The outlying farm was burned down last night."

"Ah! impossible!" even the resolute little lady becoming pale, and Herr Adam sitting motionless.

"O God!" lamented the tenant, "I'm a lost man; and it's all out of revenge on your account, gracious Herr. Magass has done it."

"Magass!" screamed the nobleman.

"We must go there."

"I shall accompany you," added Frau Kanwizki; "and you must go too, Herr Antoni."

"Oh, I—of course."

"Saddle the horses, Petreuko, at once."

The lady made a hasty toilet, and looked quite pretty in her loose brown curls, and closely-fitting riding-dress.

It was a melancholy sight. Smoke and sparks were still rising from the heap of ashes and charred timbers, and the tenant stood up in all its ghastly ugliness.

The old woman took up her spindle, seated herself on her throne, and motioned to the priest to sit down. Her eyes were full of intelligence and courage, and the white hair flowing from beneath her brown head-dress gave her an almost venerable aspect.

"What do you wish to consult me about, reverend Sir?" inquired the old woman.

"I have been sent as an invalid to ask your advice."

"You are not sick," replied she, in a quick and sharp tone. "This is not what you came here for."

"No; I desire to have a conversation with the maiden who lives here with you."

Her look now became distrustful and hostile. "What has the girl to do with you?" She asked. "No," murmured she, "this won't do—in God's name, it won't."

"Call her," and the priest threw two pieces of silver coin into her lap.

Without touching the money, the old woman replied: "How am I to call her? She will come without being called, and I can't hinder you from staying here." Then she took to spinning industriously, humming to herself. The setting sun blazed in through the open door. The priest was silent, and the old woman became silent too. Suddenly the side door was opened, and on the threshold there stood a beautiful young girl, about whose form the red sunlight glowed like a

"That has been tried before this," rejoined Herr Adam.

"How, if I may be allowed to ask?"

"With a large military force," replied the proprietor.

"Why not try cannon and ships? I inquired the priest.

Herr Adam stared and looked puzzled.

"With you leave," continued Herr Antoni, "it must be a la Fra Diavolo."

"How is that, may I ask?"

"With wiles, Herr Adam—with wiles. All great robberchiefs have been betrayed by the girl they love. Wasn't it so with the Old Testament Samson?"

Herr Adam contracted his brows in a philosophic meditation, and after a while muttered, "A good thought—a very good thought."

The noble couple shortly after retired, in order to consider this suggestion, the gracious Frau going into the house, and her husband to the barn. Father Antoni betook himself to the court-yard, where the old Cossack was cleaning up the rickety calash.

"Do you smoke, uncle?" asked the priest, taking his tobacco-box out of his pocket. The Cossack rumbled his hair, sighed, and stared.

"Well, where's your pipe?"

The old man drew it forth with a perplexed smile, and the priest filled it with his own hand, and then gave him a match to light it. A match was a great rarity here in the mountains.

"Where does the maiden live that Magass loves?" asks the priest.

The wheel the old Cossack was cleaning creaked and groaned piteously.

"What do you want, reverend Sir?" said the old man at last. "Don't meddle in such dangerous matters."

"But I wish to know where this girl's home is."

"Not here," slowly replied the old man, as if he were trying to think; "yonder, away off in the mountains, with an old witch who makes thunder storms, and rides off sometimes a black cat."

"But how can she go on a cat?"

"It's a cat as big as a new-born calf. You may convince yourself of that."

"That's what I mean to do. Will you drive me there?"

The Cossack knit his brow, and then said to himself, "It's nothing to me if he gets—"

On the same day, guided by the Cossack, the priest took the road leading to one of the dark, narrow passes of the mountains. Passing beyond the scattered herdsman's huts, he came to a real owl's nest, that could hardly be distinguished from the rock itself. He looked about in vain for some kind of entrance, and at last knocked rather faintly on the closed wooden shutter. The shutter was opened, and two big, gray eyes confronted the priest.

"What do you want of me?" cried a deep hoarse voice.

"Some good advice."

"Good advice costs something."

"I will pay you well; let me in."

"Go round the rock; I'll meet you."

The old woman came out and helped him up the rock with her bony hand. He entered a large, square, low room with three windows opening to the south and another door besides the one through which he had passed. Some steps led to a trap-door in the ceiling. Opposite the door was a stove, and in one corner a bed, near which there was an antique chest painted with large flowers of various colors, and a cupboard decorated in the same Byzantine style. On the walls were pasted pictures of saints of the Greek Church. In another corner was the seat of the old woman, a high curved stool with faded red cushions, looking something like the throne of the Byzantine emperors. A wooden block, which cut a sorry figure, served as a footstool, and at the head the bleached skull of a horse stood up in all its ghastly ugliness.

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saintly halo. Father Antoni involuntarily, almost reverentially, stood up. An imposing figure almost six feet high, but with a perfect harmony of proportion in every limb and feature, a genuine daughter of the Carpathians, confronted him in a half-terrified, half-threatening attitude. Her oval face and commanding features expressed strong character, and her complexion seemed to have borrowed from the sunny atmosphere, like the peasant women of Murillo, its tint of fresh ruddy brown. Dark heavy eyebrows met over the glowing eyes, and the deep red of her full lips contrasted with the bright scarlet of the ribbons which restrained the luxuriance of her flowing hair. Little shells from the mountain stream Tyssa—the native ornament of the Carpathian women—were scattered through her hair, and looked as if floating in the dark gleaming waves of their native stream. A skirt of blue cloth fell down in folds from her waist over the bright red morocco boots, and a bodice of the same color, open at the bosom, showed a fine linen kerchief beneath; while the embroidered flowers on the sleeves, the broad red girdle, and the short sleeveless cloak, of white cloth, worked with yellow worsted and bordered with fine black lamb-skin, gave her a picturesque and Oriental appearance. Gold coins answered the purpose of ear-rings, and in heavy chains around her arms, while a string of large rich pearls round her neck came down to her breast. She held in her hand a mountain staff tipped with lead, and on her shoulder was perched a large raven, which slowly moved its outspread, glistering wings.

"Why have you come to my house?" inquired she, in that wonderful violin-cello tone of a deep alto voice. And as she uttered these words she raised her staff with a threatening air. The raven flew up with a screech, and made several circles in its flight around the head of the priest. "Well, answer," said the Huzulin, as she fastened her eye searchingly upon him, an eye before which the youthful and courageous priest quailed and cast down his own to the floor. "Well, here I am. What is it you want?"

"I should like to have a conversation with you alone."

The noble-looking giantess smiled, as if with pity, and made a sign to the old lady, who slowly withdrew.

"Be seated," said the Huzulin, with the air of a sovereign.

Father Antoni approached her, extending his hand. She did not stir.

"Give me your hand."

She extended her hand in a cold and lofty manner, and the priest held it firmly as he said, in a low and thrilling tone:

"You are a beautiful woman—by Heaven, a beautiful woman!"

"I know that; for the best man in all the mountains loves me."

"And he would be a stupid blockhead, unworthy to have this beautiful sun to shine upon him, if he did not love you. But you might have for lovers lords, great lords, princes if you wanted to. What is your name?"

"Vera Gregorevitch. But why do you make such a proposition to me? I have no wish to listen to any such talk. Spare your pains, and be off before Magass comes."

"Is he coming?" The priest had seated himself close to the giantess.

"You can dig up a treasure, a costly treasure, without using any magic art," he said.

"Why do you speak of magic arts?" asked she, in a tone of displeasure.

"Are you not all more or less witches in the mountains here?" said the priest; "and you—most of all—have you not bewitched this wild robber?"

"No magic arts were needed for that," rejoined Vera, curling her lips with the consciousness of her own charms. "And what sort of a treasure can one dig up?"

"A real treasure of gold and silver and jewels, if you will sell Magass to us."

"What good would Magass do you? What would you do with him?" she naively inquired.

"Hang him, my darling!"

The Huzulin sprung up with all the passionate wildness of a child of nature, her eyes sparkling with rage.

"Leave me! You are no holy man; you are a seducer—a devil!" She made the sign of the cross on her forehead and her breast. "I'll have none of your treasures. Thank God if I do not hand you over to Magass."

A shudder ran all over the priest.

"What do you intend? You would—"

"I believe you are afraid of me," said the Huzulin, with a complacent smile.

"Why should I be afraid of you, my dear one—my angel?" whispered Father Antoni.

"Why! Because I, though only a woman, am stronger than you; and if I pleased, I could by myself bind you fast as if you were a child." And the beautiful giantess immediately seized his wrists, and held him fast with his arms crossed as if he were handcuffed.

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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1875

The Journal and Michigan Deaf-Mute Mirror will be sent for one year for \$1.85, post paid, to any address.

The Louisiana Institution.

Despite the political warfare in the State, this institution still exists. But its finances are in a very discouraging condition, warrants on the treasury bring not much over fifty cents on the dollar, long and damaging credits have become a necessity, and the teachers have to wait eight or nine months for their pay. For this reason the corps is not what it should be, and the recent loss of two of the best men on the force is feelingly alluded to. Add to all this, the threatened loss of the excellent edifice—a plan being under way to give the buildings to the State University—and we may well believe that the office of Superintendent is not a bed of roses. Yet Superintendent McWhorter remains undaunted; he writes as though he were the head of the most blessed institution in the world, and has something very sound to say concerning the education of the deaf, touching here and there upon articulation and giving it its true place. We should say that the educational part of the report would be more appropriate in the pages of the *Annals*, than in its somewhat present obscure position.

The number of pupils during the year has been fifty-one, and expenses, \$13,755.26. The institution can accommodate two hundred and fifty, and the number of uneducated deaf in the State is fully up to that number, but the reasons why Louisiana cannot educate more than a third of her deaf, are obvious to any who have followed the record of the varying political fortunes of that State.

This report contains the By-Laws of the institution, a publicity which it would be well for some other institutions to give.

The Kentucky Institution.

We are indebted to the editor of the *Kentucky Deaf-Mute*, Mr. J. G. George, for a copy of the report of this institution. The number of pupils has been eighty-one, and should be much larger; but the indifference of parents combining with other causes entirely beyond the control of the institution, makes it well nigh impossible to educate as many in the State as is desirable. Time and again the principal has called attention to this, and last summer Mr. George made something of a tour of the State seeking parents of deaf children and impressing them with the importance of placing them under immediate and continual instruction. But it has done little good, and compulsory measures are advised.

But the institution as a school is enjoying great prosperity. What pupils attend are well educated; their health is excellent; wise discipline is enforced and gratifying results are reported. Once a month a little sociable is held, and the institution parlors are thrown open to the pupils and they are encouraged to have a good time.

The finances are sound, and the desire is not to leave undone the work for which the institution was established.

Mr. Bell's School of Vocal Physiology.

Mr. A. Graham Bell, of 18 Beacon St., Boston, Mass., announces the following arrangement of classes for the spring session of 1875:

Class for Students of Vocal Physiology—Mondays and Thursdays, from 3 to 4 p. m.—Course of 24 lessons. Terms, \$25.00.

Class for Deaf Articulators—Tuesdays and Fridays, from 3 to 4 p. m.—Course of 24 lessons. Terms, \$25.00.

Articulation Class for Deaf-Mutes—Mondays and Thursdays, from 4 to 5 p. m.—Course of 24 lessons. Terms, \$15.00.

m.—Course of 24 lessons. Terms, \$15.00.

Class for Parents and Teachers of those with Defective Speech—Wednesdays, from 3 to 4 p. m.—Course of 12 lessons. Terms, \$25.00.

Class for Stammerers—Wednesdays, from 4 to 5 p. m.—Course of 12 lessons. Terms, \$25.00.

Private Instruction in any Dept.—Course of 12 lessons. Terms, \$50.00.

Members of the class for students of Vocal Physiology, who intend becoming teachers of the deaf, will have the privilege of attending classes II and III, and of giving instruction in articulation to deaf-mutes.

Mr. Bell's reception hour is from 12 to 1 o'clock daily, Saturdays excepted.

The Pennsylvania Institution.

We have received the report of this institution. There are 224 names on the roll, and the expenses for the last fiscal year have been \$99,233.09. A good many of the mutes in the State have not yet received the benefits of instruction, but the recent liberal action of the Legislature will doubtless result in a gathering of every deaf-mute child. We have of late given so much prominence to Pennsylvania affairs that our readers must be very well posted, and we will only say that Mr. Foster, the principal, writes a very nice report.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY HENRY WINTER SYLLE.

Uniformity and Good-Feeling.

TRANSFERS OF INSTRUCTORS, AND MORE FREQUENT CONVENTIONS.

Elsewhere we mention transfers of principals from one school to another in Wurtemberg. In Hanover, also, the custom appears to prevail of transferring teachers from one institution to another, after certain periods of service—much as officers of the army and navy are sent from one duty to another.

A variety of reasons are given, in the *Organ* for January, in support of this custom. One is the favorite argument of those who wish at once to look preternaturally wise and to prove nothing—viz., the "argument from experience," that almost all teachers in the past have been so ordered about. Deserving of much more respect, is this, that by service under different circumstances and with different colleagues, and especially by association in turn with all the older and more experienced officers, the young teacher learns all the different methods used, and observes their comparative effects, and this is enabled to attain the desired end of perfection.

In this country, removals of officers from one institution to another have taken place frequently enough to maintain a tolerable degree of uniformity in processes; though being voluntary, they have not been as frequent or extensive as the transfers directed by a central bureau—in Hanover and occasionally also in France, and other countries where the general government exercises direct control over all public institutions.

The uniformity is not so complete, however, but that each section, and almost every institution, has its peculiarities. One of the most marked of these is, in the style of sign-making. A close observer can tell whether a person was educated at Hartford, or New York, or Philadelphia, by his manner of using signs.

There exists also, though we hope in less degree than formerly, a feeling which we cannot characterize as anything but sectional prejudice. An able and valued teacher in a Western institution has assured us that when he first went there, fresh from the New York High Class, all his suggestions of improvement were met with, "Pooh, pooh! that may do in New York, but it does not suit us." The bare epithet, "New York," was thought sufficient answer and sufficient condemnation. Even now, this same gentleman says, after many years' service in one place—we will not say how many, lest we reveal his identity—he has to be very cautious how he suggests any changes, however slight.

At Washington, too, for some years after the establishment of the collegiate department, we have been told by friends who "were there" the feeling between the Eastern and Western boys was very intense, breaking out in rough-and-tumble fights, fortunately, were productive of more damage to clothes and furniture than to persons. How each side bailed the arrival of some muscular Freshman or Prep! With the growth of the college in numbers, and the steady elevation of the standard of examinations, such rivalry has, we trust, changed into more gentlemanly emulation in scholarship.

As regards the teachers, their Conventions have doubtless had great influence in enlarging their ideas and tending down local peculiarities, as well as in improving their personal acquaintance with and regard for each other. Biennial or triennial meetings did well enough at first. The question must before long arise, however, whether it will not be well to try more frequent meetings, held in more widely distant localities in turn, so that, though the attendance at each may be smaller, all may have a chance to be present at one or another, without going to too great expense. Few of us from New York could go to Indianapolis; few from the South to Belleville; how many could have gathered at Oakland? The Conference of Principals at Flint showed that this want was coming to be felt, though the call was too exclusive in

its character to command a large attendance.

Is there to be another Conference this summer? If yes, let the call be as general as that of the Convention of Instructors.

Transfers in Wurtemberg.

On May 1st, 1875, the *Seminar-Rektor* and Director of the Deaf-Mute Institution at Esslingen, Dr. Burk, will be transferred to another post of duty at Stuttgart. He will be succeeded by the *Seminar-Rektor*, Pfister, of Wurtingen, whose place will be filled by the Assistant, Mr. Gundert.

In another article we make some remarks suggested by this matter of transfers.

The Principal of the California Institution.

"He holds no parley with unmanly fear—Where duty bids, he confidently steers, Faces a thousand dangers at her call, And, trusting in his God, surmounts them all."

The startling news concerning the destruction of the California Institution naturally allows our thoughts to cluster to Mr. Wilkinson. It is a matter of surprise that not a single life was lost. Is not this owing to Mr. Wilkinson's remarkable energy? One cannot but feel a sentiment of admiration and respect for such a principal, who, in the moment of danger, thought of saving the lives of two unfortunate classes—the Blind and Deaf and Dumb! Not more than seven years ago Mr. Wilkinson ceased teaching in the New York Institution and accepted a more responsible calling in California. While in the New York school, he was a most zealous and successful teacher, faithful in the discharge of his duties, and appreciating the responsibility of a teacher so well that every moment seemed to be well employed. His pupils, one and all, will tell the same story of his work, and more they are all endeavoring to perform the duties of life in a manner that will reflect credit on their old teacher, who is now perplexed as to which course to pursue. His Eastern friends remember him with the kindest feelings and sincerely hope the good people along the golden shores will render him all the aid in their power to establish a school for the unfortunate children now homeless. I doubt not but they appreciate the value of such a school more fully than do their more favored brothers and sisters. Mr. Wilkinson surely has more than his share of life's ills, but a great man must go through clouds of trouble and disappointment before his worth is well appreciated—and may Mr. Wilkinson come out well purified, beholding the sunshine of peace and harmony glimmering through the clouds, giving promise that all will come out right and well pleasing in the sight of Him who doeth all things well.

ONE OF HIS PUPILS.

The Four Deaf Men.

A deaf shepherd was one day tending his flock near his own village in India; and, though it was almost noon, his wife had not yet brought him his breakfast. He was afraid to leave his sheep to go in quest of it, lest some accident should befall them. But his hunger could not be appeased; and upon looking round, he spied a *talaiyari*, or village hind, who had come to cut grass for his cow near a neighboring spring. He went to call him, though very reluctantly, because he knew that, though these servants of the village are set as watchmen to prevent theft, yet they are great thieves themselves. He hailed him, however, and requested him just to give an eye to his flock for the short time he should be absent, and he would not forget him when he returned from breakfast.

But the man was as deaf as himself; and, mistaking his intentions, he angrily asked the shepherd, "What right have you to take this grass which I have had the trouble to cut? Is my cow to starve that your sheep may fatten? Go about thy business and let me alone."

The deaf shepherd observed the repulsive gestures of the hind, which he took for a signal of acquiescence in his request and therefore briskly ran towards the village, fully determined to give his wife a good lesson for her neglect. But when he approached his house he saw her before the door, rolling in violent pain, brought on by eating overnight too great a quantity of raw green peas. Her sad condition and the necessity he was under to provide breakfast for himself, detained the shepherd longer than he wished, while the small confidence he had in the person with whom he left his sheep accelerated his return to the utmost.

Overjoyed to see his flock peacefully feeding near the spot where he had left them, he counted them over, and finding that there was not a single sheep missing, "He is an honest fellow," quoth he; "this *talaiyari*, the very jewel of his race; I promised him a reward and he shall have it."

There was a lame beast in the flock, well enough in other respects, which he hoisted on his shoulders and carried to the place where the hind was, and courteously offered him the mutton, saying: "You have taken great care of my sheep during my absence. Take this one for your trouble."

"I" says the deaf hind; "I break your sheep's leg! I'll be hanged if I went near your flock since you have been gone, or stirred from the place where I now am."

"Yes," says the shepherd, it is good and fat mutton, and will be a treat to you and your family or friends."

"Have I not told thee," replied the *talaiyari*, in a rage, "that I never went near thy sheep? And yet thou wilt accuse me of breaking that one's leg. Get about thy business, or I will give thee a good beating!"

And, by his gestures, he seemed determined to put his threat into execution.

The astonished shepherd got into a passion also, and assumed a posture of defiance. They were just proceeding to blows when a man on horseback came up. To him they both appealed to decide the dispute between them; and the shepherd, laying hold of the bridle, requested the horseman to alight just a moment and settle the difference between him and the beggarly *talaiyari*. "I have offered him a present of a sheep," says he; "because I thought he had done me a service; and, in requital, he will knock me down." The villager was at the same time preferring his complaint, that the shepherd would accuse him of breaking the leg of his sheep, when he had never been near his flock.

The horseman, to whom they both appealed, happened to be as deaf as they, and did not understand a word that either of them said. But, seeing both address him with vehemence, he made a sign for them to listen to him, and then frankly told them that he confessed the horse he rode on was not his own. "It was a stray one that I found on the road," quoth he, "and being at a loss, I mounted him for the sake of expedition. If he be yours, take him. If not, pray let me proceed, as I am really in great haste."

The shepherd and village hind, each imagining that the horseman had decided in favor of the other, became more violent than ever; both accused him, whom they had taken for their judge, of partiality.

At this crisis there happened to come up an aged Brahmin. Instantly they all crowded around him, shepherd, *talaiyari* and horseman, each claiming his interposition, and a decision in his favor. All spoke together, every one telling his own tale. But the Brahmin had lost his hearing also. "I know," said he; "you want to compel me to return home to her (meaning his wife); but do you know her character? In all the legions of the wicked ones I defy you to find one that is her equal in wickedness. Since the time I first brought her she has made me commit more sin than it will be in my power to expiate in thirty generations. I am going on a pilgrimage to Kasi (Benares), where I will wash myself from the innumerable crimes I have been led into from the hour in which I had the misfortune to make her my wife. Then will I wear out the rest of my days in alms in a strange land."

While they were all four venting their exclamations without hearing a word, the horse-stealer perceived some people advancing towards them with great speed. Fearing they might be the owners of the beast, he dismounted and took to his heels. The shepherd seeing it was growing late, went to look after his flock; pouring out maledictions as he trudged on all arbitrators, and bitterly complaining that all justice had departed from the earth. Then he bethought himself of a snake that crossed his path in the morning as he came out of the sheepfold and which might account for the troubles he had that day experienced. The *talaiyari* returned to his load of grass, and, finding the lame sheep there, he took it on his shoulder to punish the shepherd for the vexation he had given him; and the aged Brahmin pursued his course to a *choultry* that was not far off. A quiet and sound sleep soothed his anger in part; and early in the morning several Brahmins, his neighbors and relations, who had traced him out, persuaded him to return home, promising to engage his wife to be more obedient and less quarrelsome in future.

Corot, the French Painter.

The *Athenaeum* of March 6 says that a correspondent has sent it the following notes on Corot:

"I wish young English artists would follow Corot's great advice. A deaf and dumb pupil of his, at his first visit, got from Corot a piece of paper on which was written 'Conscience.' The young fellow was so impressed by this, that in copying one of his master's beautiful pencil drawings, he even tried to imitate a stain of glue. Corot, when he saw it, smiled, and said, or at least wrote, 'Tres bien, mon ami, mais quand vous serez devant la nature, vous ne verrez pas de taches.' Until his last illness, he was the most delightful companion. He rose very early when in town, and worked hard all the morning. His studio was full of unfinished works, labeled with the names of the dealers, amateurs, &c., who had purchased them years before. He only worked at a picture, when he felt drawn toward it. Everybody knows how charitable he was, never refusing to give. One morning a dealer had come to pay him a small sum, 500 francs. While they were talking, a poor woman with two children came in; her husband, a model, was very ill, they had nothing to live upon, &c. Corot said he had no money—could give her nothing—his purse was at home. He then pushed her gently towards the door, and calling to the dealer, asked him for the 500 francs; it was a single note, and, placing it in the woman's hands, he pushed her again out of the studio, saying, 'I have no change.'

The obsequies of Corot were performed in the Church of St. Eugene, in the presence of, it is said, not fewer than 3,500 of the admirers of his art, including M. Jules Dupre, Oudinet, Lavielle, K. Daubigny, the Director des Beaux-Arts; Gerome, Meissonier, A. Stevens, Roybet, Bonvie, Puvion de Chavannes, Duran, and others. The Director des Beaux-Arts pronounced the funeral eulogy. It is noted that Corot contributed to every *Salon* between those of 1827 and 1867, except those of the years 1828, 1829, 1830, 1832, 1852, 1854, 1856, 1858, 1860, 1862. *La Chronique Illustrée* contains a complete list of the exhibited works of the artist.

Corot will be represented for the last time in the *Salon* of this year by two large pictures, styled 'Une Danse Antique,' and 'Le Bacheron.'

A curious fact is noted by Prof. Hayden in his description of the Blue Range of mountains in Colorado. This is the discovery of vast quantities of dead grasshoppers on the masses of snow lying on the sides of these rugged mountains, where bears eagerly seek them for food. At certain seasons of the year, the Prof. says, the air is filled with grasshoppers, apparently flying in every direction, to a height beyond human vision. It is probable, he thinks, that they become chilled in flying over these high peaks, and dropping down on the snow, perish.

Minor Topics.

B. Gratz Brown and ex-Representative Stannard, of Missouri, participated in a spelling match held recently at St. Louis.

An entire family in Harrison, Ohio, has been made insane by a stroke of lightning which hit their house.

Seventy-five thousand young salmon trout, from the State hatching house, were placed in Oneida lake recently.

A man seventy-seven years old has made his appearance in Philadelphia, wearing a hat which he put on his head thirty-one years ago, vowing he would never remove it until Henry Clay was elected President.

Miss Molly Allen, of Napa, California, a maiden of twelve or thirteen, has killed more game with her small telescopic rifle than any two hunters in that region this winter. She made thirty dollars on squirrels' tails last summer, getting only five cents apiece. At a shooting match last year she took so many prizes that her bearded opponents ruled her out of the ring.

It is a fact not generally known to students of the history of Massachusetts that as recently as 1750 a woman was burned at the stake at Charlestown, in that commonwealth, "on the northerly side of the Cambridge road, about a quarter of a mile above the peninsula." The woman was a colored servant of Capt. John Codman, and was burned for poisoning her master.

A delegation of twenty-five composers of the Chicago Tribune recently waited on Mr. Joseph Medill, the editor-in-chief, to obtain his advice on the subject of an expedition to the Black Hills, which was meditated by them. Some personal reminiscences of his experience as a California miner, related by Mr. Medill, were sufficient to deter them from the projected undertaking.

Fork grinding is said by an English medical authority to be more fatal to human life than any other industrial pursuit in Great Britain. The fine particles of stone and metal which arise in clouds from the grindstones on which the work is done enter the lungs, causing consumption and wasting away of the body. The average longevity of fork-grinders is found not to exceed thirty years.

A spelling match between 50 boys selected from the higher schools of Boston, and 50 editors, reporters, proof readers and typists, selected from various newspapers, in Music Hall Tuesday evening, drew a crowded house. The contest was spirited throughout, and finally narrowed down to one upon each side, when the typo misspelled "conferable," and the match was awarded to the boys.

A hen-pecked Englishman, lately deceased at Bath, has wreaked posthumous revenge upon his widow by leaving £50 per annum to be expended in having mournful dirges rung with muffled clappers from the Abbey chimes all day long upon the anniversary of his wedding day, and joyful peals to celebrate the recurrence of the date of his death, which released him from matrimonial bondage.

One of the methods adopted by the authorities of Paris for the encouragement of birds in the parks is the manufacturing of artificial nests so cunningly constructed that each variety of bird will recognize its home at once. The nests are made by women for the following birds: The sparrow, titmouse, warbler, kingfisher, chaffinch, cuckoo, blackbird, magpie, and others. Three thousand of these nests have been put up recently.

Five members of the senior class at Harvard intend forming a party to travel on foot through Ireland, England, France, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy. They propose to start immediately after commencement and be absent about a year. They will take passage over by steamer and return by cabin. By roughing it they hope to get a better insight into the customs and habits of the people whom they will meet than they could by traveling in the customary way.

A curious fact is noted by Prof. Hayden in his description of the Blue Range of mountains in Colorado. This is the discovery of vast quantities of dead grasshoppers on the masses of snow lying on the sides of these rugged mountains, where bears eagerly seek them for food. At certain seasons of the year, the Prof. says, the air is filled with grasshoppers, apparently flying in every direction, to a height beyond human vision. It is probable, he thinks, that they become chilled in flying over these high peaks, and dropping down on the snow, perish.

Easter Sunday.

The sun of Easter Sunday shone bright and warm, the snows were melting under our feet, and we knew of a surety that the resurrection of buried and sleeping vegetation had begun. Not in an earthquake, and causing men to tremble as he rolls away the stone and sits upon it does its angel come; not with a trumpet sound, as we may by and by, does it awake; its Easter is many days, not one, and scarcely is it accomplished before the risen life is again apparent death. So, though spring comes every year to renew our hopes and strengthen the feeble faith we have in our own resurrection, it would really have taught us nothing had not that sepulchre in the garden been opened from heaven ages ago; had not the voice of Him who promised, "Because I live ye shall live also," spoken again after it had been hushed in death.

For this hope, thus given, Christians of every name may well celebrate Easter day.

For this the chancel in Grace church was bright as flowers could make it, flowers full of sunshine gathered in these winter months in which we have discovered so little, and which have seemed so dreary. They were many and finely arranged. Crimson crosses on either side of the chancel window bore the legends, "Christ our Passover" and "Christ our Advocate." On the altar was a white cross beautifully wreathed with flowers, the work of Mrs. Conklin; the altar cloth bore the inscription, "He is Risen Indeed." The cloth on the lectern was adorned with a cross in ferns, that on the pulpit with the emblem of the Trinity formed of the same material.

At the Children's Service in the evening the school came in with banners, singing "The Son of God Goes Forth to War." The service was interspersed with carols, the classes brought forward their offerings and addresses were made by Rev. Mr. Parker, and the superintendent, Mr. Conklin. The former spoke of Christ as the Gardener, alluding to the incident of Mary's mistake on the first Easter morning. It was not quite a mistake, he said. His address was replete with interest and instruction.

Mr. Conklin gave in brief the history of the school. In 1870 it was opened with 18 scholars, now the number is 77, with an average attendance of 55. Its contributions this year were \$78.95, and it had given since it was first started \$392.95.

The singing by the children was fine, and the exercises throughout were of great interest.

COLOSSE.

We have a paper, "Utica Patriot," a five column paper, bearing date July 20th, 1813. Among the advertisements Mr. Samuel T. Anderson advertises for articles of provisions for the army then at Sacketts Harbor. Among the articles of provisions 10,000 gallons of whiskey appears, to wash down 150,000 lbs. navy bread. Among other items the 37th anniversary of American Independence, lately held at Rome, is noticed. Toasts were very fashionable then. One or two particularly attracted our attention. "The constitution of our country—May there be no rotten threads found in it." "The union of the States—A strong warp, good filling, and well made, it will wear well if it has fair play." An advertisement for an estray horse, one of the describing features being, "his mane was filled with burdocks." Another, "Assize of Bread. A loaf of superfine wheat flour, to weigh two pounds, for one shilling. A loaf of superfine wheat flour, to weigh one pound, for sixpence. A loaf of common wheat flour, to weigh two pounds nine ounces, for one shilling. A loaf of common wheat flour, to weigh one pound five ounces, for sixpence."

Yet another, "Vaccine Matter. The subscriber having been appointed by the President of the States, agent for vaccination, hereby gives notice, that *Genuine Vaccine Matter* will be furnished to any physician or other citizen of the U. States who may apply to him for it. The application must be made by post, and the requisite fee (\$5) in the current bank paper of any of the Middle States, forwarded with it. When required, such directions, &c., how to use it, will be furnished with the matter as will enable any discreet person who can read or write to secure his own family from the small-pox, with the greatest certainty, and without any trouble or danger. All letters on this subject, to or from the undersigned, and not exceeding half an ounce in weight, are carried by the U. States mail free from postage, in conformity to a late act of Congress, entitled 'An Act to Encourage Vaccination.'

"JAMES SMITH, U. S. Agent for Vaccination, Baltimore." This paper was furnished to subscribers at \$2 per annum; \$1 in advance." We have no very special news to write, and so we send this curious article.

E. D. PHILLIPS.

Colosse, March 25, 1875.

The latest indoor amusement is termed the "Printer's Delight," and is performed in the following manner: Take a sheet of note paper, fold it carefully and inclose a bank note sufficiently large to pay up arrears and a year in advance. And what adds immensely to the feat, is to send along the name of a new subscriber, with cash to balance. Keep your eye on the printer, and if you detect a smile, the trick is a success. Try it.

—Little Allie Becker, the idol in a happy home, the pet of a large circle of friends and almost of a village, died on Tuesday evening. A bright little face is missed here, but a new face, never to wear lines of pain, never to grow old and wrinkled, has appeared among the angels. There is sorrow here, but in his dear heart joy forevermore. What better consolation?

GRACE CHURCH.—At the annual meeting held on Monday of the members of Grace church, in this village, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Wardens—J. H. Conklin, M. Bradbury.

Vestrymen—J. M. Wing, M. W. Brown, Geo. D. Babcock, Wm. Ely, C. F. Tuller, Amos C. Thomas, L. D. Smith, Geo. W. Pruyn.

—Rev. F. D. Huntington will preach and administer the rite of confirmation in Grace Church, Sunday evening next, (April 4th).

—We understand that the Vestry of Grace Church have extended a call to Rev. W. L. Parker to become the Rector.

PARISH.

Saturday morning, about 2 o'clock, the blacksmith and wagon shop of Foley & Worden was discovered to be on fire. It was first seen in the upper story, where there had been no fire for some time past. Friday night there was a party at Slawson's Hall, and they had not dispersed. The gentlemen turned out and helped fight the fire, and by their efforts and the efforts of the citizens, Mosher's store and Foley's dwelling-house were saved. The shop was consumed, together with several buggies and sleighs, blacksmith tools and coal. Adjoining the shop was a building owned by Geo. Boigou, of Colosse, and occupied by Charles Barrett as a shoe shop, which was also burned. In the upper part of this building Mr. Barrett resided. The noise of the burning building awoke Mr. and Mrs. Barrett, and they had to hurry considerably to escape, and secure as much of their household goods and materials in the shoe shop as they could, which, fortunately, was the larger portion, though considerably damaged. This is the second time Mr. Barrett has been burned out in this place. The cause of the fire is unknown. It is supposed by some to be the work of an incendiary, perhaps with the idea of burning a number of buildings adjoining these. We learn there was some insurance on the buildings and materials burned. Messrs. Morse & Irish, insurance agents at Mexico, were promptly on hand, Saturday, looking after the interests of their companies with a view of prompt payment of the losses. The probabilities are, the burnt district will soon be rebuilt.

The village schools closed last Friday. Mr. and Mrs. Nutting have given excellent satisfaction. The average attendance of the pupils has been large, considering the inclemency of the weather during the winter. The branch school, taught by Miss Norton, closed some weeks since on account of the bad weather, but she will resume again as soon as the weather will permit, and then there will be no intermission till the close of the spring term.

Charles N. Taylor (brother of Dr. Taylor) with his family has taken up his abode again in Parish, temporarily, if not permanently. He came from the grasshopper region in Kansas, near Cheate. He has a pleasant farm in that State, but on account of the grasshoppers he has been unable to raise much for the past two years. He informs us that the land is naturally very productive, and he was well pleased with his location had the grasshoppers let him alone.

Parish, March 22, 1875.

[The above letter came too late for our last issue.]

Snow lingers long. We should not regret to part with it.

Large freight trains are daily passing over the S. N. N. Railroad. Yesterday a car load of forty cows went north.

Miss Cora Wightman, of Carley's Mills, Hastings, died Thursday, March 25, 1875, aged 17 years. She was the only daughter of James Wightman. She was the idol of the family—the family consisting of the father, and three brothers older than herself. When she was about fifteen months old her mother died. Since that time she has constantly been under the supervision of a father's care—a thing of rare occurrence,

(Published by request.)
Lines Addressed to Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Grant, on the Death of their little Son, Jimmy.

A mound is in the graveyard,
A short and narrow bed;
No grass is growing on it,
No marble at its head;
Ye may go and weep beside it,
Ye may kneel and kiss the sod,
But ye'll find no balm for sorrow,
In the cold and silent clod.

There is anguish in the household;
It is desolate and lone,
For a fondly cherished nursing
From a parent's nest has flown;
A little form is missing;
A heart has ceased to beat,
And the chain of love lies shattered
At a desolator's feet.

Remove the empty crib;
His clothing put away,
And all his little playthings
With your choicest treasures lay;
Strive not to check the tear drops,
That fall like summer rain,
For the sun of hope shines thro' them—
Ye shall see his face again.

Oh! think where rests your darling—
Not in its cradle bed;
Not in the distant graveyard,
With the still and wondering dead;
But in a heavenly mansion,
Upon the Saviour's breast,
With his brother's arms about him,
He takes his sainted rest.

He has put on robes of glory,
For the little robes ye wrought;
And he wears golden harp strings,
For the toys his sister brought.
Oh! weep, but with rejoicing;
A heart-rem has ye given,
And behold its glorious setting
In the diadem of heaven.

Hastings, N. Y., Feb. 21, 1875.

The Solemn Book Agent.

He was tall and solemn and dignified.
One would have thought him a Roman
Senator on his way to make a speech on
finance, but he wasn't—singularly en-
ough, he wasn't. He was a book agent.
He wore a linen duster, and his brow
was furrowed with many care-lines, as if
he had been obliged to tumble out of bed
every other night of his life to dose a
sick child. He called into a tailor shop
on Randolph street, removed his hat,
took his "Lives of Eminent Philosophers"
from its cambric bag and approached the
tailor with:

"I'd like to have you look at this rare
work."

"I have no time," replied the tailor.
"It is a work which every thinking
man should delight to peruse," continued
the agent.

"Zo!" said the tailor.
"Yes, it is a work on which a great
deal of deep thought has been expended,
and it is pronounced by such men as
Wendell Phillips to be a work without a
rival in modern literature."

"Makes anybody laugh when he sees
it," asked the tailor.

"No, my friend, this is a deep, pro-
found work, as I have already said. It
deals with such characters as Theocritus,
Socrates and Plato and Ralph Waldo
Emerson. If you desire a work on which
the most eminent author of our day has
spent years of study and research, you
can find nothing to compare with this."

"Does it speak about how to glean
cloze?" anxiously asked the man of the
goose.

"My friend, this is no receipt book,
but an eminent work on philosophy, as
I have told you. Years were consumed
in preparing this volume for the press,
and now the clearest mind could
have grasped the subjects herein dis-
cussed. If you desire food for deep med-
itation you have it here."

"Does this book say something about
der Prussian war?" asked the tailor, as
he threaded his needle.

"My friend, this is not any every-day
book, but a work on philosophy—a work
which will soon be in the hands of every
profound thinker in the country. What
is the art of philosophy? This book tells
you. Who were and who are our philoso-
phers? Turn to these pages for a reply.
As I said before, I don't see how you
can do without it."

"Und he don't haf anythings about
some fun, eh?" inquired the tailor as the
book was held out to him.

"My friend, must I again inform you
that this is not an ephemeral work—not
a collection of nauseous trash, but a rare,
deep work on philosophy. Here, see
the name of the author. That name
alone should be proof enough to your
mind that the work cannot be surpassed
for profundity of thought. Why, sir,
Gerrit Smith testifies to the greatness
of this volume!"

"I not knows Mr. Schmidt—I make
no cloze mit him," returned the tailor in
a doubting voice.

"Then you will let me leave your
place without having secured your name
to this volume. I cannot believe it!
Behold what research! Turn these leaves
and see these gems of richest thought!
All! if we only had such minds and
could wield such a pen! But we can
read, and in a measure we can be
like him. Every family should have this
noble work. Let me put your name
down; the book is only \$12."

"Twelve dollars for der book! Twelve
dollar and he has noddings about der
war, und no fun in him, say noddings
how to get clean cloze! What do you
take me for, mister? Go right away mit
dat book or I call der police and haf you
looked up pooty quick!"—Detroit Free
Press.

At a spelling match in Indianapolis,
the first man to miss a word was the
former Superintendent of Education of
the city and present editor of a school
journal.

We should manage our fortune like
our constitution; enjoy it when good,
have patience when bad, and never ap-
ply violent remedies but in cases of ne-
cessity.

Literary Notices.

A Useful Book.

MONEY AND HOW TO MAKE IT is a
capital book for those desiring to under-
stand the uses of money and the art of
making and saving it. When we say this
much, we simply say it is a capital book
for everybody to read, for who is not in-
terested in getting money? The methods
laid down by the author are all sound,
and they reach every class of men. All
are shown here how they may better their
conditions, and with perseverance, get
rich. The book is useful and timely in
every respect. The volume is large, ap-
propriately illustrated, and neatly print-
ed. If more of such books were printed,
there would be far more money making
in the world and less money squander-
ing. "Money, and How to Make It"
will help thousands to start right, and,
indeed, no one can read it without gather-
ing ideas of the greatest practical val-
ue. It ought to be in the hands of every
man, and especially in the hands of
young men. Agents are wanted in ev-
ery county. Address P. W. Ziegler &
Co., Publishers, 518 Arch St., Phila-
delphia, Pa.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY FOR APRIL—
Miss Mary A. Hallock has a charming
design, delicately engraved by Marsh,
on the first page, illustrating "The Proud
Lady of Stavoren," a poem by Elizabeth
Akens Allen. Prof. Wells writes about
German Parliaments. Col. Waring gives
us a chatty and pleasant "Farmer's Va-
cation" paper, the subject being "Hol-
low-land." The first of the illustrated
series of papers on American cities is
also given; Mr. Edward King writing
enthusiastically about Baltimore, which
he styles the "Liverpool of America." Mr.
Riding's article on "Death-Dealing
Trades" should be read by everybody.
There are three short tales, "Young
Moll's Poovey," "The Statue of a Life,"
"Truls, the Nameless." Dr. Holland's
"Story of Sevenoaks" gives us a glimpse
of camp life in the woods. "The
Shakespeare-Bacon Controversy," by E.
O. Valle, gives an apparently fair and
very readable condensation of the argu-
ments of this vexed question. "The Old
Cabinet," by the way, taking up the
question of Bacon's poetry, and putting
in a plea for the "true and only
Shakespeare." There are several excel-
lent poems. Dr. Holland's Topics are
"Our Newspapers," "The Overcrowded
Cities," and "By their Fruits." The Ed-
itorial Departments are, unusually full,
and the Etchings cover more ground
than ever before.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR APRIL—Has for
one of its principal features an article by
Mr. Joel Stacy, entitled "John Spooner's
Great Human Menagerie." The man-
ager of this wonderful show—with a
generosity unusual among men of his
profession—lets us at once into the se-
crets of the exhibition, and describes
each animal so minutely that any half-
dozen boys with enough ingenuity and
pasteboard can easily form a similar col-
lection for themselves. No detail of
construction is omitted, and pictures of
almost all the marvels, with explanatory
diagrams, are set before us. We are
even furnished with a specimen hand bill,
and are supplied with information so full
and clear that, unless the "show-people"
be no longer contagious among boys and
girls, we may expect many a village
where St. Nicholas goes, to have, before
long, its rival companies with flaming
posters and curiosities outdoing those
of master Spooner himself.

Facts and Fancies.

Parties going over the ocean should
be warmly clothed. The steamers are
always coated.

The tailor relies on "measures, not
men," when garments are to be fitted, but
when the bill is to be paid he goes for
the man.

The criminal prosecution of the Tich-
borne claimant cost the British Govern-
ment £60,000.

And now Harvard wants to get up a
spelling match between 50 or 60 students
and as many girls from Cambridge high
school.

Gold has been discovered in paying
quantities at the Notch in the White
Mountains, in what is known as the
"Frankenstein cliff."

One Frost, of Marion county, Ken-
tucky, has named his five sons Severe
Frost, White Frost, Winter Frost, Jack
Frost and Black Frost.

Marking the coming low-necked dress-
es, a rural writer says that lovely woman
is going to foam out over the top of her
clothes again.

A Detroit man has taken to raising
lemons in a hot house. This year's crop
amounted to five lemons, and it only
cost him four tons of coal to raise them.

There are young men who cannot hold a
skein of yarn for their mothers' without
wincing, but will hold 124 pounds of a
neighboring family for the best part of a
night, with a patience and docility that
are certainly phenomenal.

KNOWLEDGE IS MIGHTY. The
average man is worth an almighty dollar,
and he will make his home and family
better and happier. THE DEAF-MUTE
ADVANCE is thoroughly identified with the
deaf and dumb in their Home and Social life.
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CHARCOAL, (per bushel) 2.00
Blacksmith's Coal always on hand.
All coal must be paid for when delivered.
W. PENFIELD.

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Family Liniment, A Sure and Speedy Cure for

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Influenza, Asthma,
Sore Throat, Toothache, Headache,
Chilblains, Sprains, Cuts, Bruises,
Bites or Stings of Insects, Sore-
ness or Pains in the Limbs,
Feet and Joints, Pleurisy or
Pains in the Side, or Pains
of any kind.

HOLBROOK'S Family LINIMENT

Should be used internally for Coughs, Colds,
Bronchitis, Croup, Diphtheria, Colic, Cramps,
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Sore Throat, Quinzy, Fluorid or Pains in the
Side, &c., &c.

Holbrook's Family Liniment
Should be used externally for Rheumatism,
Sprains, Burns or Scalds, Bruises, Bites or
Stings of Insects, Chilblains, Cuts, Pains, in
the Limbs, Feet and Joints, Neuralgia, Tooth-
ache, &c., &c.

Holbrook's Family Liniment.
Exceeds all other Remedies in the Cure of the
following Diseases in Horses and Cattle: Cuts,
Bruises, Collar Boils, Galls of all kinds, Sprain-
ing, both blood and bone, Sprains, Lameness,
Caked Udder, Inflammation, and healing of
Sores and Wounds from any cause.

Holbrook's Family Liniment
Is a positive Specific and relieves local Pain
more promptly than any other Medicine in use.
Testimonials are being constantly received which
place its powers in this respect beyond a doubt.
Every Family should have a bottle of Hol-
brook's Family Liniment at hand, in case of
sickness or accident.

Call on your Druggist and get a bottle of
Holbrook's Family Liniment.
GIVE IT A TRIAL.

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WINE and IRON Bitters
FOR THE CURE OF

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NERVOUS AFFECTIONS,
GENERAL PROSTRATION.

As a Morning Appetizer,
THEY HAVE NO RIVAL.

It absolutely purifies the blood. It speedily cor-
rects all morbid changes in the blood. It per-
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It banishes those clogs upon pleasure which
produce gloom. It improves the appetite, and
removes all disagreeable feeling after eating.

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Caldwell's Magnetic Chloroid,
An internal and external remedy.

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Lily Balm,
FOR BEAUTIFYING THE
COMPLEXION!

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Pimples, Eruptions, Sunburn,
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The Lily Balm will speedily remove the blem-
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It contains no poison. It is the best and cheap-
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assure our old patrons that it is kept
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is the only reliable and perfected prepa-
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By its use, the hair grows thicker and
stronger. In baldness, it restores the
capillary glands to their normal vigor,
and will create a new growth, except
in extreme old age. It is the most
economical HAIR DRESSING ever used,
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selected for excellent quality; and I
consider it the BEST PREPARATION
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Price One Dollar.

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As our Renewer in many cases re-
quires too long a time, and too much
care, to restore gray or faded Whisk-
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preparation, which will quickly and
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is easily applied, and produces a color
which will neither rub nor wash off.
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Cents.

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FLOUR & FEED,
Where there is kept constantly on hand
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Flour, Rye Flour,
Cracked Corn

And everything pertaining to the trade.
The highest market price will be paid
for all kinds of grain. Having put in
NEW MACHINERY, we are prepared to
give entire satisfaction in all the
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Persons living in the corporation who
wish to order Flour and Feed of us can
rely on having their orders promptly
filled by

Leaving their orders at VIRGIL'S
BOOK STORE.

Give us a call. Send in your orders.
L. ROBBINS & SON
Mexico, Sept. 10, 1874. 45

Baker, Confectioner
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GROCER.

A. S. GIBSON
Manufactures
BREAD,
DUNS, CAKES,
COOKIES
&c., &c.,
Which he delivers at the houses of his customer.

FRESH BREAD
Also, he keeps on hand a large stock of
GROCERIES,
Of all kinds, always the best for the price.
TRY GIBSON'S

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And you will find it as cheap as the cheapest.
Wholesale Dealer in
Oysters, Candies, Cigars
and Crackers.

Which will be found as good and cheap as any
in the country. A. S. GIBSON,
No. 1 Empire Block, Main Street,
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Removal!
Goit & Castle
Have removed to their
NEW STORE,
Corner of Main and Jefferson Sts.,
So long known as TULLER'S HARDWARE
STORE, where they will be glad to meet all
their old patrons as well as new ones.

We have a full stock of
Groceries and Provisions,
Which we shall sell
Very Cheap.

FINE FAMILY
SUGARS,
FLOUR,
CRACKERS, &c.

Farmers produce taken in exchange
for goods.
Call and see us in our new store.
Mexico, Jan. 6, 1875. GOIT & CASTLE.

VALUABLE FARM
FOR SALE AT AUCTION.

The 47 acre farm owned by the late
Ariel Peckham, deceased, situated 1 mile
west of the S. N. Depot at Union Square,
will be sold at PUBLIC AUCTION, MONDAY,
APRIL 5, 1875, at the Railroad Depot at
Union Square, at 1 o'clock p. m.
C. A. CLARK, Executor.

Dated Monday, March 15, 1875.

1866. H. H. Dobson, 1875.
DENTIST,
Office over H. C. Peck's store, MEXICO, N. Y.
Teeth carefully filled with the best materials.
Artificial Teeth inserted with all the practical
improvements. Prices will be made satisfac-
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quired. All work warranted. 10

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The Journal for 1875.

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reader will receive the full benefit of them.

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THAT A PAPER OF ITS
ALWAYS BE PRETTY MUCH AS THEY
CHOOSE TO MAKE IT

WILL BE MADE AS COMPLETE
AS POSSIBLE.

MUST REMEMBER
AT M WILL

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We are always on the lookout for something new,
and for everything interesting. We shall endeavor
to have every Institution and School for the deaf
represented in our columns, and we invite cor-
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and will be gratefully acknowledged.

Fortify the body against disease
by purifying all its fluids with VINEGAR
BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of
a system thus fortified.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Head-
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Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour
Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste
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tation of the Heart, Inflammation of the
Lungs, Pain in the region of the Kid-
neys, and a hundred other painful sym-
ptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia.
One bottle will prove a better guarantee
of its merits than a lengthy advertise-
ment.

Scrofula, or King's Evil, White
Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck,
Goitre, Scrofulous Inflammations, Indolent
Inflammations, Mercurial Affections, Old
Sores, Eruptions of the Skin, Sore Eyes, &c.
In these, as in all other constitutional Dis-
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shown their great curative powers in the
most obstinate and intractable cases.

For Inflammatory and Chronic
Rheumatism, Gout, Bilious, Remit-
tent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of
the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder,
these Bitters have no equal. Such Diseases
are caused by Viciated Blood.

Mechanical Diseases.—Persons en-
gaged in Paints and Minerals, such as
Plumbers, Type-setters, Gold-beaters, and
Miners, as they advance in life, are subject
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EGAR BITTERS occasionally.

For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tet-
ter, Salt-Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples,
Pastules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worm,
Scald-head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch,
Scurs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors
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or nature, are literally dug up and carried
out of the system in a short time by the use
of these Bitters.

Pin, Tape, and other Worms,
lurking in the system of so many thousands,
are effectually destroyed and removed. No
system of medicine, no vermifuges, no an-
thelmintics will free the system from worms
like these Bitters.

For Female Complaints, in young
or old, married or single, at the dawn of
womanhood, or the turn of life, these Tonic
Bitters display so decided an influence that
improvement is soon perceptible.

Cleanse the Viciated Blood when-
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the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores;
cleanse it when you find it obstructed and
sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is
foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep
the blood pure, and the health of the system
will follow.

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